

ROSWELL DAILY RECORD

Democratic in Politics.

H. F. M. BEAR, Editor

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Committee Call.

A meeting of the Territorial Democratic Central Committee of New Mexico is hereby called to be held at the office of the secretary of said committee at Santa Fe, New Mexico on Wednesday, the 17th day of February, 1904, at 2 p. m. of said day, for the purpose of fixing the time and place of holding the Territorial Democratic convention to elect six delegates and six alternates to represent the Territory of New Mexico in the National Democratic convention to be held in the city of St. Louis, Missouri, on the 6th day of July, 1904, to nominate the candidates for President and Vice President of the United States of America, and to consider such other business as may properly come before said committee.

W. S. HOPEWELL,
Chairman.

N. B. LAUGHLIN, Secretary.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The undersigned hereby announces himself as a candidate for the office of superintendent of schools of Chaves county, New Mexico, subject to the decision of the Democratic party.

L. W. MARTIN.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the nomination of Superintendent of Public Schools of Chaves county, subject to the decision of the Democratic voters of said county.

B. L. JOHNSON.

About William Randolph Hearst.

While the people of New Mexico admire William Randolph Hearst for the part he has taken in their fight for statehood, at the same time they will be forced to admit that Colonel Wattersson is not very far wrong in his opinion of the Hearst Presidential boom.

"Mr. Hearst is an unknown quantity. He may be fairly described as a figure of speech. He is personally unknown to any constituency. He has never had the least training or experience in public affairs. He is a rich man, able to employ others, but no one knows whether he can write or speak himself. Though he has a seat in congress he is a stranger to the house and will probably remain a stranger, the very tones of his voice unknown to his colleagues. The Hearst boom, as it is called, is simply a barrel with a dollar at one end, and the picture of Mr. Bryan at the other. Of course it is likely to make a great noise. Money makes organization and organization is an undoubted element in modern politics, yet nothing could be more preposterous than such a nomination. I do not think that it will cut any real figure in the national convention, when that convention gets down to ballot."

WILL TAKE ANYTHING.

The two Albuquerque dailies and the Las Vegas Optic are willing to take anything that may be labelled statehood. While professedly in favor of separate statehood, they are now begging for statehood of the "joint" variety. Their attitude reminds us of the farmer boy who went to town to sell a calf. Six dollars was the price desired for the calf, but in the very beginning each prospective buyer was told that if he would not pay six dollars for the calf he might have it for four dollars, or even for two dollars. It goes without saying that the boy got two dollars for his young bovine. So with these papers, while they pretend to

be friends to separate statehood, each day they tell congress that they would relish statehood of any kind, and that the variety is not of much consequence. They are willing to be joined with Arizona, Hawaii, Hayti, the Fiji Islands, or any other dirt that might be named. Congress will doubtless not be impressed very favorably with either the taste or stability of this portion of the territorial press.

B. L. JOHNSON.

The announcement of B. L. Johnson appears in this issue of the Record as a candidate for the nomination to the office of Superintendent of Public Schools, subject to the decision of the Democratic primaries. While Mr. Johnson has been in Roswell just about two years, he has made many friends during that time who will be glad to see him successful in this race. Mr. Johnson was born and reared in the south and is a Democrat to the core. He is a graduate of the National Normal University of Ohio and has taught in the public schools of Texas for ten years. He is familiar with every phase of public school work. While in Roswell Mr. Johnson has been employed much of the time at the Roswell Drug and Jewelry store. He will make his headquarters there during his campaign for the nomination. Mr. Johnson will be glad to meet the voters of the county, and if elected to the position he seeks will give the county his best efforts toward the building up of the public school system.

Democratic Banquet.

On the evening of the day of the meeting of the Territorial Democratic Central committee at Santa Fe on the 17th of this month a banquet will be given at the Hotel Normandie under the auspices of the Santa Fe Democracy. An elaborate menu has been prepared and an excellent program of toasts. W. S. Hopewell will act as toast master, and the following have been invited to respond to the toast opposite their names:

"Jefferson Democracy."—J. H. Crist.
"Is There a New Democracy?"—Jerry Simpson.
"The Next National Platform."—A. A. Jones.
"Politics of the Panama Question."—H. B. Fergusson.
"The Territory and Its Management."—O. A. Larrazolo.
"Is Joint Statehood Good?"—H. M. Dougherty.
"Is Single Statehood Better?"—G. A. Richardson.
"Is Territorial Government to Be Preferred?"—Antonio Joseph.
"Democracy in Southern Counties"—Colin Neblett.
"Democracy in Northern Counties"—Rafael Romero.
"Dishonest Elections and the Cure"—O. N. Marron.
"The Democratic Press and its Duty"—J. H. McCutcheon and Antonio Lucero.

You Can't Afford

To stay at home when you can attend the convention of the Oklahoma Live Stock Association at Oklahoma City, O. T., February 23rd to 25th inclusive, for the remarkably low rate of one fare plus fifty cents for the round trip.

Tickets will be on sale at all stations, Carlsbad and north, February 21st, 22nd and 23rd, with final limit to return February 27th.

There is going to be a great time and you will be sorry if you miss it.

For further information call on our local agents or write me.

DON A. SWEET,
Traffic Manager.

Amarillo, Texas.

What Are They?

Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. A new remedy for stomach troubles, biliousness and constipation, and a good one. Price 25 cents. For sale by all druggists.

Permit Blanks.

Cadets of the N. M. M. I. can secure permit blanks at the RECORD office.

A RUSE TO SAVE THE FORT

(Original.)

You want to hear how Fort N. was saved from massacre by Indians, do you? Well, I can tell you since I was there.

Fort N. was a blockhouse, a store and a few dwellings. The Apaches came down so suddenly that we had no time to prepare. We divided between the blockhouse and the store. There were several thousand dollars' worth of goods, including provisions, in the store, besides ammunition, which it wasn't advisable to let the Indians have. The building stood about 200 yards from the blockhouse, and a path had been worn between the two. I was in the blockhouse with the eight men and the women and children. There were seven men in the store. This comprised all the people in the place. The division of force was all right, but the division of ammunition was all wrong. That in the fort had been suffered to run low. There was plenty in the store, but no time to move it. You see, a man came galloping in to give warning, and ten minutes later down came the Indians.

It was about noon when the attack began, and by 4 o'clock there wasn't a pound of powder left to us in the blockhouse. We had kept up our spirits till we learned of the deficiency, several of the women doing good service at the loopholes and altogether making it so hot for the red devils that they didn't dare make a rush across the open. But when the ammunition gave out we were seized with a sudden fright. I'll admit that my mind got on the butchery of the women and children that was sure to come, and I couldn't get it off. There was but one thing to do—some one must make a run for the store and a run back with ammunition. Of course there wasn't one chance in ten of his getting through either way, but he might make the out trip even if he had to drag himself in with bullet holes in him and tell them what we needed. Signal? Great Scott! Don't you suppose the Indians would understand a signal? And when they did that would be the end of us.

Well, we had two brothers in the place, the Gordons. They kept the store. Jim Gordon was with us in the blockhouse with the Gordon women and children, and John was at the store. John was the husband and father. Jim was a bachelor. John trusted Jim with his family while he looked after the property. Jim Gordon was a perfect deer at running and had practiced a zigzag motion on purpose to dodge Indians and their fire. He volunteered to try a run for the store. He started just at dark, when a mist was rising from the ground. There was a rainfall of lead poured at him, but he had made half the distance before he fell. The darkness came on, and we knew for certain the Indians would steal up and get poor Jim.

During the night we were at the mercy of the redskins if they had only known it. I made up my mind to try a skulk through to the store, for we felt sure the attack would be renewed at daylight. Soon after midnight I crawled out and got over some twenty yards when I saw the dark forms of Indians keeping watch between the two wings of our little army. I crept to the left to circumvent them and had made a considerable distance when down in a depression in the ground a party of them suddenly lighted a fire, and near by, bound to a tree, I saw poor Jim Gordon. He wasn't dead, but was as white as a corpse. The Indians blocked the way I was going, so I turned, but found them everywhere, and finally, coming to a clump of thick bushes, I lay concealed. There wasn't much chance of my getting through, and I confess the sight of Jim Gordon rather took the starch out of me.

I lay hidden till daylight, and the Indians then began to make preparations for a rush. It was plain they were going to attack the blockhouse, possibly because they had divined from Jim Gordon's attempt that the garrison was in need of something. Just as they were about to start a figure came from the store and walked very slowly toward the Indians, who were mostly located near the tree to which Jim Gordon was secured. One or two shots were fired at the figure without apparent effect. The chief then stopped any more shooting. Perhaps he thought a messenger was coming to bring a surrender. I was wondering at the slow, ghostlike movement of the advancing figure when I noticed a commotion among the Indians. Several of them ran and looked at Jim Gordon, then ran back to stare at the figure, which I could now see was white as ashes in the face. Then one after another the Indians started back, apparently terror stricken, and by the time the spectral figure had come near enough for me to distinguish who it was nearly all of them had fled.

You may be sure I wondered what it was that made them get away so fast. An Indian isn't such a fool as to be duped simply by a man playing ghost. When I saw that the figure was John Gordon it was all explained. I told you that John and Jim Gordon were twins, didn't I? No? Only brothers? Well, they were twins, sure enough, and could scarcely be told apart. The Indians concluded that John was the ghost or double of Jim, and as they are fearfully superstitious they didn't dare raise a rifle against the counter-part.

Jim was unbound and eventually recovered. It turned out that when John saw his brother trying to reach the store he surmised what it was for. Knowing the superstition of the Indians, he resolved as a forlorn hope to personate his brother's ghost. He took a big chance and saved his family and all the rest.

EMERY STONE TORBUZ.

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